

TODAY IS

december 30, 1988 and i spent
it in the public library,
rubbing elbows with the
rest of the transients

and all that the papers had
was how you shouldn't drink
and drive on new year's eve
and how you could cure
your hangovers if and
when you got them

i don't understand all
those people who need
some excuse to drink

IT'S NEW YEAR'S!

IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY!

as if this made it ok to get sloppy
and pinch your secretary on the ass

and later they'll say

oh, i did that? i was SO drunk!

these are the people that disgust
me — i say give me a man who drinks
because he enjoys it and doesn't
give a damn what anyone else thinks.

JUST THE RIGHT SPEED

so here we are; sitting on our
bathroom floor, drunk on beer,
scraping paint off the walls

seems like six or seven layers
of paint; this house must have
seen a lot of living

we don't make much progress;
we are young and in love,
stopping every few minutes
to touch

this is okay, even right, we
have time, the walls will wait

we will be here for, i don't
know how long, but while we
are this old house will breathe;
it will understand our love

the wood and plaster will
sing with us as we make
love late into the night

so it is okay that our progress
(on the walls) seems slow; we
are really moving at just the
right speed.

WAITING ON THE GODDAMN BUS

sitting on the bench, waiting on
the bus when this old man sits
down next to me, turns his head
to the side, spits and before

i can lose myself in the paper
he starts

"they'll fuck you everytime"

i'm just sitting, hoping for
the bus, watching

"those cocksuckers — they'll fuck
you everytime"

i sigh and resign myself

later we've compared scars and
he has told me the portion of
his eighty-six years that he
considers important

when he gets off the
bus i miss him.

— tom caufield

Conway AR

MADONNA WHO PUTS HER MAN ON A PEDESTAL
gets a stiff neck